

Miss Annie Chalmers

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St. Cecilia's Day.

A Song For St. Cecilia's
Day at Oxford. (Addison) p. 84.)

Alexander's Feast or the Power of
Musick. An Ode in Honour of St.
Cecilia's Day. (Dryden) p. 94.

A Hymn to Harmony in
Honour of St. Cecilia's
Day. (Congreve) MDCCXIII. p. 101.

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's
Day. (Pope) p. 111.

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Miss Annie Chambers

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Mr. HUGHES.

Mr. ADDISON.

Mr. DRYDEN.

Mr. CONGREVE.

Mr. GAY.

Mr. POPE.

Dr. PARNEL.

Lord LANSDOWNE.

Perpetua semper dignissima vitâ.

Lucret. L. 3.

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The

THE
MASK
OF
COMUS:

PRESENTED AT
LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE
The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.

THE
M A S K
OF
COMUS

PRESENTED AT
LUDLOW CASTLE, 1834.

REPORT
The Earl of Bridgewater, then
Governor of Wales.

The Copy of a Letter written by
Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the
Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

S I R,

I T was a special Favour, when you lately be-
flow'd upon me here the first taste of your Acquain-
tance, though no longer than to make me know that
I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly;
and in truth, if I could then have imagin'd your far-
ther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards
by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar
phrase, to mend my draught, (for you left me with an
extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation
again, jointly with your said learned Friend, at a poor
meal or two, that we might have banded together some
good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I
observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charg'd me with new
Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated
the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of en-
tertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should
much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did
not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your

Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the Work itself I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now, Sir, concerning your Travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few Lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governour; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this only man, that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he
took

took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure towards Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri fretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear Love, remaining

Your Friend, as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself thro' some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

The Persons.

*The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of
Thyrsis.*

Comus with his Crew.

The Lady.

1 Brother.

2 Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were
The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.

A

M A S K

Presented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court
 My mansion is, where those immortal Shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,
 Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants.

A 4

Amongst

Amongst th' enthroned Gods on sainted seats,
 Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key,
 That opes the palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles,
 That like to rich and various Gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
 By course commits to several Governments,
 And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire Crowns,
 And wield their little Tridents; but this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the Main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Was in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation, proud in Arms:
 Where his fair off-spring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Father's state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter: but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring Passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard:
 And listen why; for I will tell ye now

What

What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
Crusht the sweet poison of mis-used Wine,
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
On *Circe's* Island fell; (Who knows not *Circe*,
The Daughter of the Sun; whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine?)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With Ivy-Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and *Comus* nam'd
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of *Pbæbus*, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,

To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore, when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy ;
 As now I do : But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris'* Wooff,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a Charming-Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other ; with him a rout of Monsters beaded like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistering : they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day
 His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantic* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,

Tipfic

Tipfie dance, and Jollity:
 Braid your Locks with roſie Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and ſour Severity,
 With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the Starry Choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
 Lead in ſwift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim,
 Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
 What hath Night to do with ſleep?
 Night hath better ſweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes Sin,
 Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
 Hail, Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport,
 Dark vail'd *Cotytto*! t' whom the ſecret flame
 Of midnight Torches burns; myſterious Dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon womb
 Of *Strygian* darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the Air,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
 Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Hecat*', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmoſt end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;

Ere

Ere the blabbing eastern Scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees;
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art,)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well-flock'd with as fair a herd, as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be: for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Win me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear some harmless Villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.

But

But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
Of Riot and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamefome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the God amifs. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd infolence
Of such late Waffailers ; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled Wood ?
My brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next Thicket side,
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit,
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmer's weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps

With

With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemisht form of Chastity;
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring Guardian, if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd,
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,
 Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere,

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
 Breathe such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:

Yet

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking Bliss
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed ;
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
 That is addrest to unattending Ears :
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why ?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat ;

I saw

I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more than human, as they stood :
I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And, as I pass'd, I worshipt ; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed Lark
From her thatch'd pallet rowse : if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended : In a place

Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter the two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
 Thar wont'st to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Cbaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades :
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian Cynosure*. *Y. Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops ;
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cöck
 Count the night-watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless Virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,

Or,

Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother; be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat sea sunk: And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day;
But he, that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senate house:

For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsuan'd heaps
 Of Miser's treasure by an Outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless Maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night: of loneliness it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My Sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity.
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And

And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No Savage fierce, Bandit, or Mountaineer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity:
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at *Curfew* time,
 No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of *Greece*,
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted Queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lionses,
 And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livery'd Angels lacquey her,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal; but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Lingring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And linkt itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Lift, lift; I hear
 Some far-off hollow break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here.
 Or else some neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister. Agen! agen! and near!
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;

If

If he be friendly he comes well ; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hollow I should know ; what are you ? speak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak agen.

Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.

And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale ?

How cam'st thou here, good Swain ? hath any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or straggling Weather the pent flock forsook ?

How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering Wolf ; not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she ?

How chance she is not in your company ?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ah me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrsis* ? Pr'ythee briefly shew.

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage Poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

Of dire *Cbimeras*, and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell ;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,
 Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
 Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face; this have I learnt,
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them, that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave

Gave respite to the drowfie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might

Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a Soul
 Under the ribs of Death ; but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wifard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey ;
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager :
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here.
 But further know I not. *Y. Bro.* O night and shades,
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless ! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother ? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely ; not a period
 Shall be unpaid for me : against the threats

Of malice or of forcery, or that power,
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd ;
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change :
 Self-fed, and self-consumed ; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on :
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n,
 May never this just sword be list'd up ;
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas ! good vent'rous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joynts,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation ?

Spir.

Spir. Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the Lady from surprizal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;
 He lov'd me well, and oft would bid me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasie,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
 Unknown, and little esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sov'raign use
 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
 Or ghastly furies apparition.
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd.
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul Inchanter, tho' disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the Necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,

And

And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glasse,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak ;
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee ;
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner
 of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dain-
 ties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in
 an incanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glasse, which she
 puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
 And you a Statue, or, as *Daphne* was,
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boast ;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See! here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
 And first behold this cordial Julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixt.
 Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of *Tbone*,
 In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*,

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition,
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted: but, fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lyes.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These owly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver.
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for *Juno*, when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer: none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that, which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge Doctors of the *Stoic* sur;
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.

Wherefore

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
 To deck her sons? and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
 To store her children with: If all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
 As a penurious Niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility;
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unfought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestud with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 Lift, Lady; be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity:
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken blis,
 Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,

It

It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship:
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswives wooll.
 What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules, pranked in reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good caterefs,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and befeeming share,
 Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,

But

But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough to him that dares
 Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of chastity?
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power:
 And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the Canon Laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this

Will

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.....

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass
out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his Rout
make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The atten-
dant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dislevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
The soothing Shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence;
That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
That had the scepter from his Father *Brute*:
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course;
The water Nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her streight to aged *Nereus'* hall;
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense

Dropt in ambrosial oyls till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all Urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks and gaudy daffadils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need: this will I try,
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy Amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
 And *Tethy's* grave majestic pace,

And

By hoary *Nereus*' wrinkled look,
 And the *Carpathian* wifard's hook,
 By scaly *Triton*'s winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying *Glaucus*' spell,
 By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
 And her Son that rules the strands,
 By *Tbetis*' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea*'s golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks;
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rose head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save:

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the *Willow*, and the *Ofer* dank,
 My sliding *Chariot* stays,
 Thick set with *Agat*, and the *Axurn* shewn
 Of *Turkis* blue, and *Emr* auld green
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the *Cowslips* velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle *Swain*, at thy request
 I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity:
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops, that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of precious cure;
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
 Now the spell hath lost his hold:
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*,
 Sprung of old *Anchises'* line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills:
 Summer drought, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud,

May

May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The Beryl, and the golden Ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrafs round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this curf'd place,
 Left the forcerer us intice
 With fome other new device,
 Not a wafte, or needlefs found,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I fhall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide:
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's refidence,
 Where, this night, are met in ftate
 Many a friend to gratalate
 His wifh'd prefence, and befide
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With jiggs, and rural dance refort;
 We fhall catch them at their fport,
 And our fudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chear.
 Come, let us hafte, the Stars grow high,
 But night fits monarch yet in the mid-fky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle; then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

S O N G.

*Spir. Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday:
Here be without duck, or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

*Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a Crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes, that lie*

Where

Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree.
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia's* balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Than her purpled scarf can shew;
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth* and *Roses*,
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the *Cyprian* Queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial *Cupid*, her fam'd Son, advanc'd,
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make her his eternal Bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or, if virtue feeble were,
 Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not stote upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:

So

So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn;
 And as she passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star, that rose at Ev'ning bright,
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel,
 Mean-while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute:
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
 With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to their soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the White-Thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas* ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deua* spreads her wisard stream:
 Ah me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there---for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Næara's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life.---But not the praise,
Pææbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears:
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And

And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* :
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in *Neptune's* plea ;
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain ;
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds,
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory :
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious Bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe :
 Ah ! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake ;
 Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake :
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Enow

Enow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return, *Sicilian Muse*,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
 The white Pink and the Panfie freckt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-atir'd Woodbine,

With

With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amarantbus* all his beauty shed,
 And *Daffadillies* fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ah me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Vist'fst the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'rd *Naymanco's* and *Boyona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more ;
 For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead ;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love,
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That

That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Doric* lay.
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

L' Allegro.

L' Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and fights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two Sister-graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksome, blithe, and debonair;
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastick toe:
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the Sweet-briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine:
 While the Cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before.
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landkip round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pide,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrfis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Pbillis* dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the sheaves ;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The up-land hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound

To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a Sun-shine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat;
 She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Friar's lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,
 That ten day labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his mattin rings,
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold;
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,

Such fights as youthful poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted stream,
 Then to the well trod stage anon,
 If *Johnson's* learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespeare*, fancy's child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild;
 And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* aires,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tye
 The hidden soul of harmony:
 That *Orpheus'* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of *Morpheus'* train.

But hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail! divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight;

And therefore to our weaker view

O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince *Memnon's* Sister might be seem;

Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The Sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:

Yet thou art higher far descended;

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore

To solitary *Saturn* bore;

His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades,
 He met her, and in sacred shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*,
 Come penfive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in robe of darkeſt grain,
 Flowing with majeſtic train,
 And ſable ſtole of *Cypreſs* lawn,
 Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
 With even ſtep, and muſing gate,
 And looks commercing with the ſkies,
 Thy rapt ſoul fitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
 Forget thyſelf to Marble, till
 With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
 Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muſes in a ring
 Ay round about *Jove's* altar ſing;
 And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure,
 But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring
 Him, that yon ſoars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute ſilence liſt along;
 *Leſs *Philomel* will deign a ſong,
 In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night;

While

While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
 Gently o'er th' accumstom'd Oak:
 Sweet Bird, that shunn'ft the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntrefs of the woods among
 I woo to hear thy Even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green;
 To behold the wand'ring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar.
 Or if the Air will not permit.
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belman's drowsie charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm,
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphear
 The spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:

And of those *Dæmons*, that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebes* or *Pelops* line
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine :
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous *Ring and Glass*,
 And of the wondrous Horse of *Brass*,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
 And if ought else, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turnies and of Trophies hung ;
 Of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are piping loud,

Or

Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves,
 And when the Sun begins to sing
 His flaring beams, *me, Goddess, bring*
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,
 Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the Bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid:
 And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th'unseen genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique Pillars massy proof.
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:

There

There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd Choir below,
 In Service high, and Anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy Gown, and mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit, and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

A N .

O D E

On *Exod.* iii. 14. *I am that I am.*

*Written 1688, as an Exercise at St. JOHN'S
College, CAMBRIDGE.*

I.

M A N! Foolish Man!
Scarce know'st thou how thy self began;
Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast Immenfity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;

Mortifie thy learned lust:

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;

The helm let politick experience guide:

Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride

Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What, tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis farther from its end;

And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,

Still finds its error lengthen with its way,

III.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd;
 And, "ΕΤΡΗΚΑ! your God, forsooth is found
 Incomprehensible and Infinite.
 But is He therefore found? Vain searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect definition show,
 That nothing You, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why shou'd the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the lov'd bosom of its Parent deep?
 Why shou'd its num'rous waters stay
 In comely discipline, and fair array,
 'Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching thro' different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant Sun
 With measur'd steps his radiant journeys run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part and rise in ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding Her with delegated Pow'r
 To beautify the world, and bless the night?
 Why does each animated Star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
 Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine

In

In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year ?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
Those unfathom'd wonders try :
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains ;
And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws :

Then with imagin'd sovereignty
Lord of his new **HYPOTHESIS** he reigns.
He reigns: How long ? Till some Usurper rise ;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all **JARGON** of the schools ;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;
Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit :
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press ;
And levelling at **GOD** his wandring guests,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give :
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill :
Can tell us whence all **BEINGS** are, and how they move and live.

Thro' either ocean, foolish man !
 That pregnant Word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each ATOM there;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for every star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling CALVARY'S astonish'd top;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
 Explaining how perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
 How by her Patient Victor death was slain;
 And earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down:
 Only reserve the Sacred One:

Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy reason's, and thy body's eyes;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
 To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reason's glimmering light, shall give
 Her immortal perspective;
 And grace's presence nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of Philosophy,
 With all their comments, never cou'd invent
 So politick an instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high abode,
 Where MOSES places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
 Which faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

A N

O D E

T O T H E

CREATOR *of the* WORLD.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS *of* ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis

Laudibus ? -----

Qui mare & terras variisque mundum

Temperat boris ?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

Nec valet quicquam simile aut secundum. Horat.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION

To the following O D E.

THAT the Praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper instance (next to examples of Holy Writ,) than from the Greek Fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: They contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Musick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large Paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefix'd to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat stile, much inferior to the design. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern Poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

A N
O D E
T O T H E
C R E A T O R *of the* W O R L D.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay;
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings owe!
But hear O heav'n, and earth, and seas profound!
Hear ye unfathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let nature, trembling all around,

E

Attend

Attend her Master's awful name,
From whom heav'n, earth, and seas, and all the wide
creation came!

II.

He spoke the great command, and light,
Heav'n's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the lowring face of ancient night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
The sons of morning, on the wing,
Hov'ring in choirs his praises sing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising world they saw;
When nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
'Tis He, the great inspiring Mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not Heav'n itself can bound his sway,
Beyond the untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis He
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast Immensity.

IV.

What pow'r but His can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,

And

And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, Heav'n's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow ;
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing show'r,
 The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow ;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill ;
 The shooting flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
 Lanch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd ground.

V.

Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a Father's tender care,
 Supports the num'rous family
 That peoples earth and sea and air.
 From nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant ;
 From th' eagle, sov'reign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood ;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains,
 His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in ev'ry distant clime ;
 He shifts the seasons, months and days,
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time ;
 By turns they die, by turns are born ;
 Now chearful *spring* the circle leads,
 And strows with flow'rs the smiling meads ;
 Gay *summer* next, whom russet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn ;
 Then *autumn*, who with lavish stores the lap of nature spreads ;

Decrepit *winter*, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain,
 With driving snows and winds and rain;
 Till spring recruited to advance,
 The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
 The terrors of thy lifted hand,
 When long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
 And conscious nature to her center shakes?
 Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
 Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round,
 How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
 The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
 Then where's ambition's haughty crest?
 Where the gay head of wanton pride?
 See Tyrants fall, and with the opening ground
 Wou'd take them quick to shades of rest,
 And in their common parent's breast
 From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
 In vain----for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
 To punish vile mankind and fight for Thee;
 Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* all
 Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this ball!
 Once Gods of earth, the living Destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where's your extent of empire now?
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?

Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
 Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
 The rage of rolling time, and scorn decay?
 Ah no! the mouldring monuments of fame
 Your vain deluded hopes betray,
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with your selves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! Time's wasting thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravell'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
 And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
 See in his Hand the book of fate!
 Myriads of spirits fill the sky
 T' attend, with dread solemnity,
 The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
 The feeble race of short-liv'd vanity
 And sickly pomp at once shall die;
 Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
 Look back, and tremble in her flight,
 And curse at Heav'n's pursuing light,
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that Day.
 How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
 Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your sight,
 Yet shall you not the giddy chace refrain,
 Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
 Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
 But sigh a long eternity of pain,
 Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
His better subjects to reward !

Where am I now ! what Pow'r divine
Transports me ! what immortal splendors shine !
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight !
What joys, cœlestial King ! thy throne surround !
The Sun, who with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Wou'd here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.

Here wonder only can take place ; ----
Then Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear !
These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace ;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But *What*, or *When*, or *How*, or *Where*,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain :
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable Thought contain.

THE
ECSTASY.
 AN
ODE.

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
 Accipiant, cælique vias & sidera monstrent.*

Virg.

A D V E T I S E M E N T.

It may be proper to acquaint the Reader that the following Poem was begun on the model of a Latin Ode of Casimire, intitled E rebus humanis Excessus, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewise took the first hint of his Ode call'd the ECSTACY. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that Ode, tho' with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second Stanza, except the first three lines : But the Plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter Part, which attempts a short view of the Heavens, according to the modern Philosophy, is entirely Original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin Author.

T H E

THE ECSTASY.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere,
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift thro' the regions of the sky.

What lofty mountains downward fly !

And lo, how wide a space of air

Extends new prospects to my eye !

The gilded fanes reflecting light,

And royal palaces as bright,

(The rich abodes

Of heav'nly and of earthly Gods)

Retire apace ; whole cities too

Decrease beneath my rising view.

And now far off the rolling globe appears ;

Its scatter'd nations I survey,

And all the mass of earth and sea ;

Oh object well deserving tears !

Capricious

Capricious state of things below,
That changeful from their birth no fix'd duration know!

II.

Here new-built towns aspiring high,
Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd,
There others fall, and mouldring lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
(Once *Tadmor*, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps by the wild *Arab* shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground,
But where is lordly *Babylon*? where now
Lifts she to heav'n her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of *Nineveh* abound?
Or where's the pride of *Africk's* shore?
Is *Rome's* great rival then no more?
In *Rome* herself behold th' extreams of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state!
See her luxurious palaces arise
With broken arches mix'd between!
And hear what splendid domes possess the skies!
And there old temples open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roof-less heads to form the various scene.

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
The seat of happiness below?
Here peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
But lo! a purple pestilence

Unpeoples

Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
 Whilst vainly thro' deserted fields
 Her unreap'd harvests *Ceres* yields,
 And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns,
 There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
 But slaves to arbitrary power,
 And pleas'd each other to devour,
 The mad possessors rush to arms.
 I see, I see them from afar,
 I view distinct the mingled war!
 I see the charging squadrons prest
 Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
Destruction, like a vultur, hovers nigh;
 Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
 She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
 But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food

IV.

Here cruel *Discord* takes a wider scene,
 To exercise more unrelenting rage;
 Appointed fleets their numerous pow'rs engage,
 With scarce a space of sea between.
 Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
 Rends the elements asunder!
 Affrighted *Ocean* flies the roar,
 And drives the billows to the distant shore;
 The distant shore,
 That such a storm ne'er felt before,
 Transmits it to the rocks around:
 The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
 Behold convulsive earthquakes there
 A shatter'd land in pieces tear,
 And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
 Thro'

Thro' opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,

Hurry'd to unknown depths below.

The bury'd ruin sleeps ; and nought remains.

But dust above and desert plains,

Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,

Rais'd by some future traveller,

The prince, his people, and his kingdom here

One common tomb contains.

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disdainful bound,

O'er the firm land usurping ride,

And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide.

Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples found.

Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high

A watry monument, in which profound

The courts and cottages together lie.

E'en now the floating wreck I spy,

And the wide surface far around

With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.

Such, *Belgia*, was the ravage and affright,

When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe

Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,

With deadly rage, and rising in its might

Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.

Thus *fire*, and *air*, and *earth*, and *main*,

A never-ceasing fight maintain,

While man on ev'ry side is sure to lose ;

And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life

With war, misfortune, and with strife ;

'Till death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight ?

Or on such gloomy objects gaze ?

I go to realms serene with ever-living light.

Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd bard to raise ;

Mount

Mount me sublime along the shining way,
 Where planets, in pure streams of *Æther* driv'n,
 Swim thro' the blue expanse of heav'n.
 And lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey!
 And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
 And wide stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
 Heav'n! what bright visions now arise!
 What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprize!
 I pass *Cerulean* gulphs, and now behold
 New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear,
 Unprop'd amidst the fluid air,
 And all, aroud the central sun, in circling eddies roll'd.
 Unequal in their course, see they advance,
 And form the planetary dance!
 Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
 T' obey the earth, and rule the main;
 Her spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
 But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
 The wond'ring muse transported sees,
 And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
 And now once more I downward cast my sight,
 When lo! the earth, a larger moon displays
 Far off, amidst the heav'ns, her silver face,
 And to her sister-moon by turns gives light!
 Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white,

VIII.

What pow'r unknown my course still upwards guides,
 Where *Mars* is seen his ruddy rays to throw
 Thro' heat-less skies that round him seem to glow?
 And where remoter *Jove* o'er his four moons presides?
 And now I urge my way more bold,
 Unpierc'd by *Saturn's* chilling cold,
 And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
 Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
 The mingled shades almost extinguish day.

His rays reverted hence the Sire withdraws,
 For here his wide dominions end ;
 And other suns, that rule by other laws,
 Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off thro' the blue vacant borne,
 I reach at last the milky road,
 Once thought to lead to *Jove's* supreme abode,
 Where stars, profuse in heaps, heav'n's glittering heights adorn.
 Lost in each other's neighb'ring rays,
 They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
 So thick the lucid gemms are strown,
 As if th' Almighty Builder here
 Laid up his stores for many a sphere
 In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
 Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
 That guards his folds upon the plain,
 Oft turns his gazing eyes,
 Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
 Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
 Like distant morning in the skies ;
 And wonders from what source its dawning splendors rise.

X.

But lo ! what's this I see appear ?
 It seems far off a pointed flame ;
 From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
 How swift it climbs th' aerial space !
 And now it traverses each sphere,
 And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
 'Tis He----as I approach more near
 The great *Columbus* of the skies I know !
 'Tis *NEWTON's* soul, that daily travels here
 In search of knowledge for mankind below.
 O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,
 And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day ;

As when the *Sybil* did *Rome*'s father guide
 Safe thro' the downward roads of night,
 And in *Elyfium* blest his sight
 With views till then to mortal eye deny'd.
 Here let me, thy companion stray,
 From orb to orb, and now behold
 Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold ;
 And trace each comet's wand'ring way,
 And now descry light's fountain-head,
 And measure its descending speed ;
 Or learn how sun-born colours rise
 In rays distinct, and in the skies
 Blended in yellow radiance flow,
 Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watry bow ;
 Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
 On ev'ry planet's rising hills, and ev'ry verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on *contemplation*'s wings,
 Fresh wonders I wou'd still explore,
 Still the great Maker's pow'r adore,
 Lost in the thought---nor ever more
 Return to earth, and earthly things ;
 But here with native freedom take my flight,
 An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light !
 So for a while the royal eagle's brood
 In his low nest securely lies,
 Amid the darkness of the shelt'ring wood,
 Yet there with in-bred vigour hopes the skies :
 'Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
 The bird of heav'n to heav'n aspires,
 Soars 'midst the meteors and cœlestial fires,
 With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
 And bears the thunder thro' th' *Ætherial* plains.

A SONG.

*A SONG. For St. CECILIA's Day
at OXFORD.*

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint! and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia's* praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright *Cecilia's* name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
 To musick and *Cecilia* ;
 Musick, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heav'n we have below.
 Musick can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love ;
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art.
 When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling lyre,
 The streams stand still, the stones admire ;
 The list'ning savages advance,
 The wolf and lamb around him trip,
 The bears in aukward measures leap,
 And tigers mingle in the dance.
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And *Rbodepe* was left without a shade.

IV.

Musick religious heats inspires,
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
 And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
 Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
 When time itself shall be no more,
 And all things in confusion hurl'd,
 Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
 And sound survive the ruins of the world :
 Then saints and angels shall agree
 In one eternal Jubilee :
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,

And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To musick and *Cecilia*.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue ;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

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LETTER from ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos musus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia's* public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
 To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
 The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That

That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys:
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;
 'Till by your lines and *Nassau's* sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy Isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lye.
 An amphitheater's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled *Rome*,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestick band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.

From

From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train:
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess, thee *Britannia's* Isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,

How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:
 'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* Isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the fight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:
 'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,

I bridle in my strugling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise.

ALEXANDER'S

ALEXANDER'S Feast;
OR THE
POWER of MUSICK.

A N

O D E,

In Honour of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

I.

'T W A s at the royal feast, for *Perfia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike son;
Aloft in awful state
The God-like Heroe sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd)

The

The lovely *Tbais* by his side,
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
 The song began from *Jove*;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 Dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* prefs'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a Sov'raign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present Deity, they shout around:
 A present Deity the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*With ravis'd ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet musician sung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly God in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face,
Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he rooted all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And

And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below,

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see

That love was in the next degree:

'Twas but a kindred-sound to move;

For pity melts the mind to love.

Soft sweet in *Lydian* measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,

Honour but an empty bubble.

Never

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies, with loud applause,
 So love was crown'd, but musick won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

C H O R U S.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a ratling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge,

Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the furies rise!

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are *Grecian* ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they 'toss their torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile Gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize;
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.*

A HYMN

A

HYMN to *HARMONY*.

In Honour of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day, MDCCI.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we sing,
 To thee the grateful tribute bring
 Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
 Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.

All hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
 The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
 And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

II.

Thy voice, O *Harmony*, with awful sound
 Could penetrate th' abyfs profound,
 Explore the realms of ancient night,
 And search the living source of unborn light.

G

Confusion

Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
 Then didst thou, *Harmony*, give birth
 To this fair form of heav'n and earth;
 Then all those shining worlds above
 In mystic dance begin to move
 Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
 A never ceasing, never silent choir.

C H O R U S.

*Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.*

III.

Thou only, goddess, first cou'dst tell
 The mighty charms in numbers found;
 And didst to heav'nly minds reveal
 The secret force of tuneful sound.
 When first *Cyllenius* form'd the lyre,
 Thou didst the god inspire;
 When first the vocal shell he strung,
 To which the muses sung;
 Then first the muses sung; melodious strains *Apollo* plaid,
 And musick first begun by thy auspicious aid.
 Hark, hark, again *Urania* sings!
 Again, *Apollo* strikes the trembling strings!
 And see, the list'ning deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

C H O R U S.

*Hark, hark, again Urania sings!
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
 And see, the list'ning deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.*

IV.

Descend *Urania*, heav'nly fair!
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair;

See how with various woes oppress,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;

While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too soon retreats.
Musick alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandring sense, and calm the troubled mind,

CHORUS.

*Musick alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandring sense, and calm the troubled mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In ev'ry breast inspire.

Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart,
Appease the wrathful mind,

To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.

The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By musick lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.*

*The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By musick lull'd to pleasing rest.*

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring :
 Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring !
 Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
 Wakes the world to war and ruin.
 See, see, the battle is prepar'd !

Behold the hero comes !

Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard ;
 And hoarse resounding drums.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
 The harmony of peace destroys.

CHORUS.

*War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
 The harmony of peace destroys.*

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes
 Her parting lover mourn ;
 She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
 And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
 Bewailing past delights
 That may no more, no never more return.

O soothe her cares

With softest sweetest airs,
 'Till victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more,

CHORUS.

*Let victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more.*

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly fair!
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere,
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care.

Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd!
Phæbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and lawrel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame
 Th' immortal musick never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd,
Phæbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and lawrel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal musick never dies.

A
CONTEMPLATION
ON
NIGHT.

WHether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-pow'rful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies,
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns :

The

The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
 No distant landships draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies,
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his *Word* bid num'rous world's appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise,
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT

A
T H O U G H T
O N
E T E R N I T Y.

E R E the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty Word obey'd,
Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound :
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes ;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;

Thy

Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will ficken and thy bloom decay;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To lanch from earth into eternity.
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

ODE

ODE for MUSIC

ON

St. *CECILIA*'s Day,

I.

D Escend ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain;
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echos rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

'Till,

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs,
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,
 While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
 Descend from *Pelion* to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
 Which flaming *Pblegeton* surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O *Syphis*, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' *Elysian* flow'rs,
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,
 Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs,
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

Restore,

Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life;
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell.

A conquest how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Mæanders*,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst *Rhodope's* snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries---

-----Ah see, he dies!

Yet

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Musick can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright *Cecilia* greater power is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

The

The Dying Christian to his Soul,

O D E.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away,
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

ODE on SOLITUDE.

H Appy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation ;
 And innocence which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

H

A NIGHT.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
 While thro' their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire:
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.

There

There pass with melancholy fate,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where *toil* and *poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chisel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away.)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lye,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
 These (all the poor remains of fate)
 Adorn the *rich*, or praise the *great*;
 Who while on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crouds,
 And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
 Methinks I hear a *voice* begin ;
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
 How great a *King of fears* am I !
 They view me like the last of things :
 They make, and then they dread, my stings.
 Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
 No more my spectre-form appears.
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man wou'd ever pass to God :
 A port of calms, a state of ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er th' escutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 When-e'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :

Such

Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

H 3

A HYMN

A
H Y M N
T O
CONTENTMENT.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head !
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there,
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.

The

The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love ; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves,
 The silent heart which grief affails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground :
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below ;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
 This world it self, if thou art here,
 Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd :
 It seem'd, as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the grace.
 When thus she spoke----Go rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,
 Know God----and bring thy heart to know,
 The joys which from religion flow :

Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd as antient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great *Source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your *busy* or your *vain* extreams;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the *next* begun in *this*,

The HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well :
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd Heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice shou'd triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway ;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right ;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think and watching each event.

The Morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the *southern* sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son, the reverend Sire reply'd ;
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their Age they differ, join in heart :
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The

The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
 Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His *cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air prefag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.

Warn'd

Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the courtest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude,
 And why shou'd such, (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The fainted kindness of this churlish soul.

But

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,

When

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept.
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch-----But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;

Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
 For this commission'd I forsook the sky:
 Nay, cease to kneel---Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes?

Yet

Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the *cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus Artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend*, in virtue trod
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back?

This

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity wou'd fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: This tryal o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his antient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

E S S A Y.

Upon unnatural flights in POETRY.

AS when some image of a charming face
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,
 Adjusting to his object, his design,
 We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
 But as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
 Poets are limners of another kind,
 To copy out ideas in the mind;
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are shown,
 And nature sits, the object to be drawn;
 The written picture we applaud or blame,
 But as the due proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
 Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
 Gigantic forms, and monstrous births alone
 Produce, which nature shockt, disdains to own,
 By true reflexion I would see my face,
 Why brings the fool a magnifying-glass?

- (1) " But poetry in fiction takes delight,
 " And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
 " Leaves truth behind, in her audacious flight:

}
 " Fables

A N N O T A T I O N S.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; *Parnassus*,
Pegasus, and the *Muses*, pure imagination and Chimaera:
 But being however a System universally agreed on, all that
 has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation,
 according

“ Fables and metaphors that always lye,
 “ And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
 “ And every ornament of verse must die.

Mistake me not: No figures I exclude,
 And but forbid intemperance, not food.
 Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
 So mimicks truth, it looks the very same;
 Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important truths still let your fables hold,
 And moral mysteries with art unfold.
 Ladies and Beaux to please, is all the task,
 But the sharp critic will instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover not, but hide,
 Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
 When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
 Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense;
 The reader what in reason's due, believes,
 Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.

(3) *Hyperboles*

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according to nature, shall be reputed as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monsters.

(2) When *Homer*, mentioning *Achilles*, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, tho' the literal sense be false, the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said, that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by presenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
 Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd ;
 Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
 They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight,
 Presenting things impossible to view,
 They wander thro' incredible to true :
 Falshoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore :
 Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead :

(4) " Kill'd

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(3.) *Hyperboles* are of divers sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different : Some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of expression ; as when we say, such a one's as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. *Homer* speaking of *Nereus*, calls him, beauty it self ; *Martial* of *Zoilus*, lewdness it self. Such *Hyperboles* lye indeed, but deceive us not ; and therefore *Seneca* terms them lyes that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, tho' the expression be strain'd beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for *Hyperboles*, for example, by irony ; as when we say of some infamous woman, She's a civil person, where the meaning's to be taken quite opposite to the letter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake ; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed

(4) " Kill'd as * he was, insensible of death,
 " He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath.

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
 And bursts unaiming in the rended sky:
 Such frantic flights are like a mad-man's dream,
 And nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive cannibal weigh'd down with chains,
 Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
 Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
 He grins defiance at the gaping croud,

And

* Ariosto.

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(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of *British* growth of the like nature:

*See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
 Life may perhaps return---with change of air.*

But I choose rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that such as are conscious of the like excesses will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp; but the soul and body once parted, there must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occasion, as an example for the present purpose, two noble lines of *Jasper May's*, in the collection of the *Oxford* verses printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my Grandfather Sir *Bevil Granville*, slain

And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
 With looks still threatening, mocks their rage, and dies.
 This is the utmost stretch that nature can,
 And all beyond is fullsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
 Excites the muse: Let truth be even there:
 As painters flatter, so may poets too,
 But to resemblance must be ever true.

- (5) " The * day that she was born, the CYPRIAN Queen
 " Had like t'have dyed thro' envy and thro' spleen;
 " The Graces in a hurry left the skies
 " To have the honour to attend her eyes;
 " And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
 " Would needs take up his lodging in her face.

The'

• Corneille.

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in the heat of action at the battle of *Landdowne*. The Poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes,

*Thus he being slain, his action fought anew,
 And the dead conquer'd, whilst the living flew.*

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature:
 It is thus only that the dead can act.

- (5) *Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,
 Pensa mourir de bonte, en la voyant si belle,
 Les graces a l'envi descendirent des cieuz
 Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ses yeux,
 Et l'amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
 Veulut obstinément loger sur son visage.*

The'

Tho' wrote by great CORNEILLE, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense sure could never please.

WALLER,

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This is a lover's description of his mistress, by the great *Corneille*: civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over *Waller*, and he will see how much more naturally and delicately the *English* Author treats the article of love, than this celebrated *Frenchman*. I would not however be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations; but as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own Countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum est errare*. I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated *French* Author. It is an Epigram upon a monument for *Francis* the first King of *France*, by way of question and answer, which in *English* is *verbatim* thus,

Under this marble, who lies buried here?

Francis the great, a king beyond compare.

Why has so great a king, so small a stone?

Of that great king here's but the heart alone.

Then of this conqueror here lies but part?

No---here he lies all---for he was all heart.

The Author was a *Gascon*, to whom I can properly oppose no body so well as a *Welshman*, for which purpose I am further furnished from the forementioned collection of *Oxford* Verses, with an Epigram by *Martin Lluellin* upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw
better

WALLER, the best of all th' inspired train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

(6) The

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better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the
Muses?

*Thus slain thy valiant * ancestor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
And batb'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
Thy Grandfire's fills the sea, and thine the land.*

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the Epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down: the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but fame; which is mere sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea: The *Welchman* however must be allow'd to have out-done the *Gascon*. The fallacy of the *French* Epigram appears at first sight; but the *English* strikes the fancy, suspends and dazles the judgment, and may perhaps be allow'd to pass under the shelter of those daring Hyperboles, which by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to *Seneca*, through the incredible to true.

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintain'd a fight with his single ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty three of their best men of war.

(6) *Vitrix*

(6) The † ROMAN wit, who impiously divides
 His hero, and his gods to different sides,
 I would condemn: but that in spite of sense
 Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
 How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
 Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!
 The gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
 Become not parties in an impious deed:
 And by the tyrant's murder we may find
 That CATO and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
 Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
 Like castles built by magic art in air,
 That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;

But

† Lucan.

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(6) *Virrix causa Deis placuit, sed viſta Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having establish'd the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that *Cato*, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the Gods, than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those Gods, whom he professes to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that his hero was too righteous a person to accompany the Divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may shew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: Success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the Gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness: To judge right, we must wait for
 the

But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our king * return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord ;
On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd.
And scarce could speak one reasonable word ;
DRYDEN himself, to please a frantick age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice :

Deem

* King Charles II.

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the conclusion of the action ; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is providence, and the violent death of *Cæsar* acquits the Gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determin'd republican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.

(7) Mr. *Dryden* in one of his prologues has these two lines :

*He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as cloaths.*

From whence it is plain where he has expos'd himself to the criticks ; he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself. A hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose labours are his daily bread, be deliver'd from this cruel necessity, unless some more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under some more impartial management.

Deem then the peoples, not the writer's sin;
 ALMANSOR's rage, and rants of MAXIMIN;
 That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
 He vies for fame with ancient ROME and GREECE.

First † MULGRAVE rose, ROSCOMMON next, like light,
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
 With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
 The STAGIRITE and HORACE laid aside,
 Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:

Who

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nagement than the jurisdiction of players. Who write to live, must unavoidably comply with their taste by whose approbation they subsist; some generous prince, or prime minister like *Ricblieu*, can only find a remedy. In his epistle dedicatory to the *Spanish Friar*, this incomparable poet thus censures himself:

" I remember some verses of my own, *Maximin* and
 " *Almanzor*, which cry vengeance upon me for their extra-
 " vagance, &c. All I can say for those passages, which
 " are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad e-
 " nough to please, even when I wrote them; but I repent
 " of them among my sins: And if any of their fellows in-
 " trude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke
 " over those *Dalilab's* of the theatre, and am resolved I will
 " settle my self no reputation by the applause of fools: 'Tis
 " not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as
 " much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to
 " raise an estate by cheating of bubbles: Neither do I dis-
 " commend the lofty style in Tragedy, which is pompous and
 " magnificent

† *Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord Roscommon's upon translated Verse.*

Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
 May in their lessons learn the road to fame;
 But let the bold adventurer be sure
 That every line the test of truth endure;
 On this foundation may the fabrick rise,
 Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
 Forfaken truth seeks shelter in the grove;
 Cherish, ye muses! the neglected fair,
 And take into your train th'abandon'd wanderer.

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“ magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime, that is not
 “ just and proper.

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. *Dryden*,
 against his critics: And likewise for an unquestionable au-
 thority to confirm those principles which the foregoing
 Poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be just and
 proper but what is built upon truth.

THE END.

